Daily Eagle

APART.

Out on a leafless prairie, where
No song of bird makes glad the air,
No hue of flower brings to her eyes
Outward glimpse of Paradise—
A thousand miles and a half away—
My lady is in love today.

And all her heart is singing, singing,
And every new south wind is winging
Tidings glad from her true lover,
And kisses bridge the distance over—
Lips to lips and heart to heart,
A thousand miles and a half apart.

—Orelia Key Bell in The Century.

OBJECTIONABLE PETS.

Mr. Perry was an old bachelor, and Miss Briggs was an old maid. He lived in the brick house on the hill, and she in the cottage opposite, and they were mortal enemies. He despised her because she kept two cats and a canary, and she loathed him for his affection for a huge mastiff and an old knock kneed horse.

"Why on earth the man don't try to get a decent horse is more than I can imagine!" she would say, as he plodded up to the door. "I believe that he is too mean and miserly to buy one."

Miss Briggs would have hardly felt pleased had she known that Mr. Perry rode back and forward on this worn out piece of horseflesh for the purpose of annoying her.

They never spoke, but yet they managed to keep up a perfect warfare by disagreeable manners and wrathful glances.

She sat hour after hour beneath the canary bird in the window, with her cat perched upon the sill and her knitting in her hand, throwing glances of scorn to the opposite side, where he, with cigar and newspaper, received and paid them back with interest.

His detestable dog came over and ran through her garden, destroying all her beautiful tulips and hyacinths, and she gave him a hot bath, which sent him howling to his master, and when said master remonstrated, sent word that she would treat him worse next time.

Her little red cow broke through his inclosure and devoured his turnips and cabbages, and he led her home and informed Miss Briggs that a second offense would give her a comfortable pasture in the pound.

For two years they lived and fought, and no one could bring about peace between them. It was a pity, the neighbors all said, for Miss Briggs was a dear little soul, and there was not a finer man in the country than Mr. Perry.

"Julia, my love," said Mrs. Perkins one afternoon, as she entered the cozy parlor, "I am going to have a party, and I want you to come down in the afternoon to tea and remain during the evening. Every one will be there."

"Will the old bach over the way be there?"

"Mr. Perry? Oh, yes! We could not get along without him."

"Then that settles the matter, I shan't go."

"Now, Julia, don't be so foolish! If you remain at home he will think that you are afraid of him."

Miss Briggs thought the matter over. Well, it would look a little like that, and she would not have him think so for the world—the conceited wretch.

Mrs. Perkins went home, and it was arranged that Miss Briggs was to spend the afternoon and remain for the party.

She was a pretty little woman, and it was always a puzzle to every one why she never married. She had a round, rosy face, clear brown eyes and beautiful hair, and if she was thirty, there was not a smarter woman in town.

She stood before the looking glass in her chamber, and fastened her lace collar over the neck of her dress with a plain gold brooch, and began to think that she looked very well. There was a bright, healthy flush upon her cheek, and her eyes were full of life and beauty.

She walked into Mrs. Perkins' sitting room and found her awaiting her with a smiling face. She thought that she must be in a very good humor, but said nothing, allowing the good lady to smile as long and pleasantly as she wished.

She understood it all when supper time came, and Mr. Perkins entered, followed by Mr. Perry. This was a well laid plan to make the two become friends.

Miss Briggs bit her lips and inwardly vowed that nothing should tempt her to "give that man" her hand in friendship. She hated him, and always would.

He was placed directly opposite at the table, and many times forced to pass the biscuits or preserves, and Miss Briggs accepted them, although she declared to Mrs. Perkins after supper that they nearly choked her.

Before evening they were both persuaded to overlook the horse and cow difficulty, and be civil, and Miss Briggs was frightened when she found herself talking to him with easy and pleasant familiarity.

The party was a success, and although the sports were generally monopolized by the younger portion, they found room for the old maid and her enemy, and several times they found themselves doing most ridiculous things in the way of paying forfeits.

At the end of the evening Miss Briggs was at the door ready to depart, when he called:

"Miss Briggs, I am going right up your way. Will you ride?"

Would she ride behind that old horse, and beside that detestable man? She was wondering whether she would or not, when Mrs. Perkins came and triumphantly led her out, and packed her into the carriage.

It was as dark as pitch, and they had to let the horse go his own way and find it the best he could. He did so very well until they reached the cottage, and then he was bewildered.

Mr. Perry spoke, jerked the reins, but to no purpose. He then took out the whip. Whether his natural dislike to that article, or the memory of the indignities he had suffered from the hands of the owner of the cottage overcame him it is hard to decide, but at all events he kicked up his heels, ran a few yards and fell, overturning the buggy and its precious contents.

Miss Briggs was up in a moment, unharmed, but Mr. Perry was silent as the grave. She ran shouting through the darkness until Mr. Perry's "help" came with a lantern to her assistance.

They found the poor man half dead beneath the carriage, and while Dan was at work Miss Briggs ran home for her own servant. After much hard labor they succeeded in extricating him from the wreck, but he was senseless, and they bore him home and sent for the doctor. Upon examination they found his leg to be broken, and thus Miss Briggs' enemy was at her mercy.

The days and weeks that followed were dreadful ones to the sufferer, but Miss Briggs never left him. Day and night she stood beside him, and her plump hands administered to every want.

He forgot the cow and his turnips. He forgot the cat and the canary. He only saw a little patient woman, with a pretty face, trim figure and tender hands—and would you believe it—fell in love with her.

How could he help it? She had sat by him through the dreary days of pain, she had brought him her preserves and nice, invigorating cordials. She had, in all probability, saved his life.

What could he do? Nothing but fall in love.

"Miss Briggs!" he said, one day when he was able to sit up.

"Well, Mr. Perry?"

"You have been very good to me, and I feel as though I owe you a great deal."

"There! now just stop where you are. You owe me nothing."

"But would you mind if I trespassed a little further on your good nature?"

"Not at all."

"Well, Miss Briggs, will you take me in charge for the rest of my life?"

"What?"

"Will you marry me? There!"

Miss Briggs blushed, and her answer came thus:

"I will marry you."

There was a wedding in church a few weeks later, and Mrs. Perkins prepared the wedding supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry live in the brick house, and the cottage is rented to a young man and his wife, to whom Mrs. Perry bequeathed her cats and the canary.

The mastiff and the knock kneed old horse are with their forefathers.—Ballou's Monthly.

The Soft Shell and the Hard Shell.

It is a popular fallacy that soft shell crabs are a different species from hard shell crabs. Practical fishermen and scientific books both disprove it. The soft shell crab is the hard shell crab soon after it has moulted. Four times a year to the young crab and once or twice a year to the grown crab comes a season of peril and fear. He crawls into a dark cranny or nook in the rocks, swells out until he cracks open his shell, and then creeps out. This operation is sometimes extremely painful, for his claws are much larger than the joints through which they must be pulled, and they are often lacerated in the process. If his flesh did not become soft and watery before shedding he could not get out at all.

When the crab has moulted, the once mailed warrior, who feared no foe except a more powerful antagonist of his own kind, is at the mercy of any enemy who can get into his retreat. When the female crab moults her male consort chivalrously guards the entrance to her hiding place until her skin is covered with a fresh deposit of lime. The experienced eye can tell when the change is approaching. Last year a number of "shedders" established themselves on the Thames, a few miles south of Norwich, near Fort Point. They caught hard shell crabs, imprisoned them in a crate beneath the water, and when the shells had been shed, the "soft shell crabs" were shipped to New York and other points.—Cor. New York Tribune.

Monuments of an Unknown Race.

Unhewn stone monuments are among the most interesting relics of prehistoric man found in France and other portions of Europe, the ancient province of Brittany being especially rich in them. The builders, Mr. Thomas Wilson states, are supposed to have come from a more or less remote east during the polished stone age, bringing a knowledge of agriculture, some ideas of government and a religion, with less of art than the inhabitants of the country before them possessed. They buried their dead, and left the magnificent monuments over them which, to the number of more than 6,300 in France and more than 1,600 in Brittany, are now being carefully restored and preserved by the French government. Some of these monuments are made up of many immense stones, while others are really collections of monuments in great numbers.

The works are known by various names. A menhir is a large stone standing on end; a dolmen, a table like tomb; a cromlech, a circle of stones; an alignment, lines of menhirs; and a tumulus, a mound of earth or stones usually covering a dolmen. Many of the monuments must have disappeared, but all these remain, dotting the country in every direction, enormous, rough, rude, unhewn granite stones—belonging to another civilization, mighty in its time, but now dead and buried in the ages of the past, with no inscriptions and no history.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Manual Training in Schools.

The extent to which manual exercises may be introduced into public schools will no doubt be governed by certain peculiar limitations. To begin with, it is not expected that boys generally will be able to handle heavy tools until about 13 years old. Give them, therefore, exercises in which the lighter means may be employed, such as glue, the jackknife, etc. Again, we are limited by the absolute impossibility of generally connecting with common schools work shops and special instructors. Furthermore, courses of study already overcrowded, and the lack of specially prepared teachers, are obstacles which the average country school, at least, cannot overcome. Industrial drawing is largely taught throughout the country. We would urge that exercises connected with it be arranged for an outgrowth of constructed objects. This is not only practicable, but applicable to all common schools.

Depend upon willing parents, brothers and sisters for whatever home instruction is necessary in the manual execution of the thought, and we shall at least have wisely directed the natural tendency of children to make things, and have aroused an interest which will assist materially in the establishment of special manual training schools whenever they become practicable.—Charles M. Carter in The Century.

Back Rooms Are Preferred.

"How much of your income do you have to pay for office rent?" was asked of a well-to-do lawyer the other day. His rooms are on the first floor back of a Diamond street law building.

"Well," said he, "my partner and I have three rooms, way back, as you would call it, and have to pay for their use the modest sum of $600 per year. I feel sometimes that I'd rather be the owner of a large law building than be an attorney with a big practice."

"You say your offices are in the rear; what do the men in the front of the building pay?"

"Not nearly so much. You're surprised? Well, no doubt; but what I say is right, and I'll tell you why. Persons occupying rooms in the rear of a building are willing to pay a little more than for front rooms. This is because they are not annoyed by habitual office loafers, of whom there are many; then the man who runs in 'just to write a note,' as he says, 'or wants to use your desk a minute,' is unknown. Fakirs don't find you in the recesses of your rooms, and the noise and rumble of wagons and street life do not annoy you. These are a few reasons why back offices are preferable and command a higher rate of rent."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Italian's Ugly Weapon.

A knife, commonly carried and frequently used by criminal Italians, is what Professor Scannapieco, the Neapolitan fencing master, calls the "molletta." The molletta bears some resemblance to a razor, though considerably longer. There is only one edge, and the blade opens like a penknife. It swings loose, however, and when drawn is opened by catching hold of the handle with the fingers and throwing the blade outward. This requires practice and dexterity. A small spring catches the knife and holds it open. It is closed by pressure upon a tiny "button" on the handle. Though not as effective a weapon as the stiletto, it makes an ugly wound when used by an expert, and can be opened almost as quickly as a stiletto can be drawn from its sheath. The case with which it can be concealed adds to the frequency of its use. The handle is hard wood or bone

OUR TRICKS OF TRADE.

THE CHEMIST THE MAGICIAN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Competition the Life of Trade, but Not Always Beneficial to the Public—The Business of Adulteration Systematically Carried On—The Results.

In this era of universal enlightenment the training of the successful tradesman is much broader than that of his predecessor of fifty years ago. The latter considered himself fully educated when he was able to distinguish the quality of the different grades of the various articles in which he dealt, and as very few methods of sophistication and adulteration were known, his task was a comparatively easy one. With the merchant of the present day, however, everything is different. He can depend on his own judgment only in very few instances. He must know not only how to manipulate his wares so as to undersell his competitors, but he must be continually on his guard to make sure that the articles which he himself buys shall be just as represented. He may be a dealer in woolens and buy his stock from the deacon who passes the plate in church, yet he never neglects to have his samples examined by an expert, and analyzed if necessary. But the strangest phase of the whole matter is that, so universal has the custom become, he does not consider it any reflection on his neighbor to take this course, and if he finds that the goods are not as represented, he thinks none the worse of him, after he has claimed and secured his rebate. No branch of trade is free from this sophistication, and as long as the resulting article is not injurious to the health of the people, we have come to accept it without a murmur, as an inevitable result of competition. With such a state of affairs, it will readily be seen that the merchant of "ye olden time" would now stand a slim chance of success unless he called in outside aid.

A NEW ADULTERATION.

The chemist is really the magician, who today is sought by one party to develop a new adulteration, and to-morrow is called upon to analyze the article which he has just succeeded in adulterating. His laboratory becomes the confessional for merchants of all degrees, and he must be as silent and secret as the clergyman. But his power is greater than the ecclesiastic, who cannot read our thoughts, and who may know only what we care to tell him. But to the chemist all facts within his province are accessible. If we are frank with him, we can render easier the work which we have for him to do. If, however, he has a suspicion that anything has been withheld, he has but to make an analysis and the whole secret is open to him. In his realm he is king. He says to the merchant, "Do thus," and the business man, realizing that his only way to success is by following such injunctions, does so, and is relieved for a time. Soon, however, he learns that he is being undersold, and once more has recourse to the magician, who finds that some brother genius has stolen his charm, and it becomes necessary for him to conjure up a more powerful one, only to have it, in time, again stolen.

The following incident, related by a distinguished chemist, may be interesting, as showing how systematically this business of adulteration is carried on. The gentleman mentioned was recently consulted by a firm of oil dealers, who were naturally anxious to learn how it was that their competitor was always able to undersell them, in face of the fact that the chemist of their factory could not discover any adulteration in their rival's product. On analysis, no foreign substance appeared, and the consulting chemist was forced to confess himself nonplused. In the course of conversation he happened to mention, quite incidentally, that the only impurity he had been able to find was a trace of petroleum oil, which he had considered accidental. The oil dealer inquired the amount of this oil present, and on finding that it was about 2½ per cent., immediately said that the problem was solved. Two and a half per cent., he explained, made in a barrel of forty gallons a difference of one gallon, and, by extracting this quantity of an oil worth fifty cents, and substituting a gallon of an inferior kind worth, say, ten cents, his rival had been enabled to draw away almost all his trade.

POISONOUS DYES.

People have become so accustomed to finding the discussion of the subject of adulteration confined to articles of food and drink that they are apt to consider that this is the only part of it of any importance. Physicians, however, can tell a different story. For instance, they are frequently consulted for disorders which can be directly traced to cheaply dyed articles of dress, and many of the most obstinate cases of skin disease are due to poisonous coloring matters.

Before the art of dyeing had progressed much most of they dyeing colors in use were prepared from simple vegetable extracts. Soon, however, the demand was greater than the supply, and the chemist was called upon for substitutes. Step by step he followed nature back to her laboratory, and finally was able to announce that he could produce at will in unlimited quantities a dye stuff which could not be distinguished by any test, either chemical or physical, from the natural product. The substance which he had made was alizarine, the coloring matter of madder, and the article from which he made it was common coal tar. This discovery worked a revolution in the industrial world. The path, once it had been pointed out, was easy to follow, and in quick succession came the announcements of new colors made from this same waste product—coal tar—until at the present day any color or tint can be supplied from it.

But here, too, the practice of sophistication soon became a prominent factor, until the question was, not how well can dyes be made, but how cheaply. The process of manufacture is a long one, and great care is required at every step to thoroughly remove the powerful chemical agents by which the necessary changes are brought about. Here was the opportunity for cheapening the final product. An incomplete removal of these chemicals means less labor and less expense; hence the indifferently finished product can be sold cheaper. Unfortunately, however, these impurities thus left in the dye are in most instances highly irritating to the skin, and when an article dyed with such substances is worn it is very liable to cause trouble, especially if the skin is chafed or scratched.—Boston Herald.

A Failure for Bismarck.

Score one failure for Bismarck. The establishment of colonies, apropos of which he displayed such enthusiasm a few years ago, and for which he nearly precipitated a war with Spain, is acknowledged by his official organs to be an utter failure. Prince Bismarck's purpose was to divert the stream of emigrants from the United States to some land or lands where they would continue to be German in speech, tastes and habits, instead of becoming speedily unrecognizable as of German origin. This he proposed to do by means of his "agricultural colonies" in Africa and his "plantation colonies" in the South Pacific Islands. For all the money expended in the effort not a kreutzer has been received in profit, and the colony craze is to be abandoned.—Once a Week.

THE TRAVELER'S LUCK.

SUPERSTITIONS CONCERNING THOSE WHO START ON A JOURNEY.

"Good Luck" at the Parting—People Whom It Is Lucky to Meet—A Negro Superstition—A Chinese Notion—The Humpbacked Person.

There is an old superstition which says, "You must never watch a traveler out of sight," and still another, "You maun bid him godspeed thrice and good luck ance, and no turn your back to the bow of the boat while speaking the words." Only a few weeks ago, while making one of a throng of people who were bidding adieu to friends bound across the Atlantic, I noticed that the words "good luck" were oftener used in one form or another than any other expression of farewell; it was: "Good luck go with you," "Good luck to you," "Luck to you," "Good-by and good luck"; and one old Irish grandmother, after devoutly crossing herself, called out to her daughter, "The blessed Virgin bring you and good luck back to me," while I among the rest found myself saying, "A lucky trip to you, captain," as that monarch of all he surveyed stepped on board his kingdom, a big ocean steamer, although I am afraid I was tempted to say it not so much in my belief of the good it would bring him as in a foreknowledge that he was not only honestly superstitious, but firmly believed in such a wish bringing the safe, quick voyage he hoped for, and I am glad to say that in this case the omen proved good.

With some sailing masters, however, such an expression would foretell anything but good luck, and in fact many people dislike to have luck given them in this way, believing that it is ill luck to speak of luck at all; and there are others who, whether they believe in it or not, like to have pleasant things prophesied to them, or, in other words, "they are not superstitious, but they do like to have the signs on the right side."

STARTING ON A JOURNEY.

There are plenty of wise men and women who will on no account turn back after starting on a journey; if compelled to, they must sit down or change some garment before going out again; others who think it the luckiest thing in the world to have left something that they really need, for then they say, "We are sure to go back," especially a pair of slippers or an undergarment. Scotch people are very superstitious about the first person they meet in the morning on going out for the day or starting on a journey. If it is a woman, and she is well dressed and pleasant looking, then it is good; a beautiful child is rare good luck, especially if you can get the little one to notice you; a business man with a quick, brisk walk, or a workman with his tools and filled lunch pail, is also lucky to meet; while the postman, policeman, doctor and priest are all forerunners of anxiety, and you "need be unco canny and unco wary, for there's muckle depends on your prudence that day."

A universal negro superstition—and I have found it existing among the Israelites of New York city—is to ask a question of any stranger who strikes their fancy, and if answered satisfactorily, they believe they have taken that person's luck. I once asked an old colored aunty who had been eying me for some time, and who I saw was about to make some inquiry, why she wanted my luck. She looked at me a moment, and seeing I was in earnest, said, "Well, honey, I don't want all your luck, but you's young and kin get more, and I's gwine to see my daughter, who am expecting a little baby girl, and I wants her to look just like you." The compliment was appreciated, and so when she left the cars I carefully dropped a silver dollar where she would see it. Picking it up and holding it out for me to see, she exclaimed, "I knowed you'd bring me luck."

A German superstition, and one said to alter your luck if it does not please you, is to change or remove some article of clothing, such as the right cuff to the left arm, or your earrings or finger rings, or take off your hat, being careful to put it on straight.

A CHINESE NOTION.

The Chinese believe that when starting on a journey it is great good luck to have an insect or reptile go out before you, or, better still, to cross your path coming from the left side.

If you are not thinking of taking a journey and find a key, you may expect very shortly to have to pack your trunk. To start on a journey with the new moon is by far the luckiest thing one can do.

A white mark on the nail of the little finger of either hand is said to foretell a journey, the old saying, "A gift, a friend, a foe, a lover to come, and a journey to go," being firmly believed in by more than one wise woman. Cut your nails on Saturday if you wish to travel, for to cut them on Monday is to cut them for health, on Tuesday for wealth, on Wednesday for a letter, on Thursday for better, on Friday for woe, on Saturday a journey to go.

It is considered very lucky by some to meet a humpbacked person when starting on a journey, and if you would have rare good luck be sure to touch his hump.

When starting on a journey remember to put your right stocking on first and your right foot out of the house first, and do not look back at the house after the front door is closed.—Harper's Bazar.

Raw Material of Man.

"The human boy," says The London Evening News, "is a potentially important member of society, in that he is the raw material of man; but only a prejudiced taste can put him on a par with the flowers of the field as a thing of beauty and a joy forever." Here we have the English article pictured.

But the wild, unkempt American specimen—we mean the composite product—is a study of more than passing interest. What he lacks in fine qualities is made up by his robustious, full orbed love of mischief. In him you have the miniature of a vivacious, restless, resourceful manhood, always eager and ready to vent his superfluous spirits, sometimes at his own cost, but chiefly to the disadvantage of others. But there is the making of a man in him every time under our free and unfettered institutions, and that benefit inheres in American life as contrasted with the crowded condition in which these less favored sons are born who live and die on British soil, with scarcely a hope, in the vast majority of cases, of rising above the dead level of their early career.—Boston Transcript.

Medical Student (to tramp)—What happened to you? You seem to be suffering from shock.

Tramp—Yessir; I fell against a wire fence that wasn't insulated.—Judge.